

The Professional

by Maureen

Category: X-Men

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-01-02 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-01-02 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:27:43

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 464

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: My response to the "kill your favorite character" challenge

The Professional

The Professional

The Professional

** By Maureen **

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters in the story, Marvel does. I am also not making any money off of this. This is a response to someone's fic challenge of killing off your favorite character. I just couldn't kill Jono.

* * *

> <p>A street cafÃ©. A laughing couple with a child. The smell of exhaust fumes as an old beaten up jalopy sputters down the street.
<p>

A man.

Nondescript, average in height, well-trimmed goatee. Up to the minute dark suit with a vibrant tie. Young, maybe twenties. Too young to be a business executive.

The only other possibility is money. A rich man, talking on a cell phone in a another language, the harsh sound of it marks it as Eastern European, perhaps Russian. Too far off to tell. Coffee sits neglected on the table, a laptop is set up next to him. No one else is around. Perfect.

The bullets fly past parked cars and into their appointed target. This should create some lovely international problems. He falls, aâ€¦|

static encasing his body, flickering. Within seconds a girl in a pantsuit is next to him, holding him, trying to help. But, the bullets, hit their target. His head. He is dead.

The static stops flickering, gone is the business suit and goatee. Gone is the aristocratic face and expressive hands.

In their place is a freak. Blue fur, a tail, yellow, dead eyes. Bird like feet and three-fingered hands. Others in the restaurant are emerging from their shock. Police sirens, screams.

Not a useful death after all. A diplomat really would have been so much more useful. The binoculars focus on the victim again, bringing him close. No! Not him!

I'm dead. They will never forgive this. Write a quick note of explanation. That will ease my mind.

Police, X-MEN and anyone else that cares:

My name is Raven

Darkholme, more commonly known as Mytstique, and I shot Kurt Wagner, Nightcrawler. It was a mistake. I know that knowing that will not help, but it is the truth. He was my son and a devout Catholic, and I pray that he and his god forgive me for what I have done as I shall never forgive myself. By the time you find this note I will be long dead. Of my three children I was present for my eldest sons murder (Graydon Creed 1961-1997), I have shot my second son and my adopted daughter is thankfully still alive. May she find it in her heart to forgive me, because I know that she won't be able to forget.

God forgive me while I spend eternity in hell.

Raven Darkholme1999-16-2

BANG* another shot interrupts the street.

Dead.

End

file.